SUB-MARINER COMICS

NO. 16 SPRING ISSUE 10¢

PLUS THE ANGEL

Will You Wear this Gorgeous SLACK SUIT ON APPROVAL

6 LOVELY COLORS

GREEN

RED

NAVY

BROWN

IT'S SLEEK!
IT'S HARDY!
IT'S COMFY!

This Stunning SLACK SUIT CLASSIC

ONLY $8.95

Glamorous Hollywood started the slack suit craze. And no wonder . . . slack suits bring new comfort and ultra-smart appearance for your leisure hours, sports and street wear.

READY FOR EVERYTHING!

New! Beautifully tailored with glamour-plus. Exclusively styled from crisp, fine quality, all season material that really dislikes being coddled. Belted shirred-back jacket hugs waistline cozily . . . trim pleated slacks, with real pockets, give that "slim as a reed" look. Perky shoulders, smart, distinctive lines . . . deft masculine tailoring in a tantalizing feminine slack suit that men admire—women envy. Wear it the year around and feel confident you're the best dressed slack suit gal in town! An original by Bonnie Gaye. Sizes 12 through 20 and biggest of all surprises it's only $8.95 plus postage.

SEND NO MONEY—Check size and color choice and mail coupon today. On arrival send $8.95 through postman plus C.O.D. postage. Wear, compare. If a 10-day trial doesn't prove you've discovered the best buy ever, please return for full refund.

10 Days' Trial • Yes, wear this CRUISER SLACK SUIT at my RISK. If you, too, are not completely satisfied in every way, return in 10 days and your full purchase price will be refunded.—BONNIE GAYE, 168 N. Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

BONNIE GAYE FASHIONS, Dept. 34DD
168 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
Send new Cruiser Slack Suit. I'll give postman $8.95 plus postage on arrival with understanding I may return purchase if not satisfied in 10 days for full refund. (Mark 1st and 2nd choice color selections and state size)

☐ Blue ☐ Green ☐ Navy Blue ☐ Red
☐ Brown ☐ Gold

Circle Size: 12 14 16 18 20

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone No. _____ State _____

NOTE: Order 2 Slack Suits for $16.50 plus postage. Interchanging jackets and slacks makes 4 color combinations. Check here ☐

SUB-MARINER COMICS is published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., by Marvis Publications, Inc. Entered as second class matter January 24, 1941, at the post office at Meriden, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Contents copyright 1945 by Marvis Publications, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y., Martin Goodman, Pres. Vol. 16, No. 1, Spring, 1945 issue. Yearly subscription $.40 in the U.S.A. Hosimilarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and that any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A.

SUB-MARINER

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE DOOMED MEN! DEATH FOR ANY WHO DARE OPPOSE THE DIABOLIC PLOT! THE BLACK DEMON SPREADS A SCOURGE OF PANIC AND TERROR! SUBMARINER FACES A DEADLY FOE AS HE PITS HIMSELF AGAINST—

"THE BLACK DEMON OF DEATH"

GEORGE ALLEN, BUILDER OF GIANT SEAPLANES, IS RETURNING FROM A TEST FLIGHT WITH HIS ACE. TEST PILOT--

SURE IS A GOOD SHIP, MR. ALLEN!

YES! IF MY FACTORY CAN TURN OUT ENOUGH OF THESE PLANES WITHOUT INTERRUPTION, IT'LL BE TOUGH FOR THE AXIS!

THEY DO NOT SEE THE SINISTER BLACK MOTORBOAT, LURKING 'UNDERNEATH THE DOCK--!

I'LL LAND ON THE WATER NEAR THE DOCK!

RIGHTO!

THE BLACK MOTORBOAT SUDDENLY PLUNGES THROUGH THE WATER, FIRING AT THE GREAT SEAPLANE! A WEIRD FIGURE COMMANDS HIS HENCHMEN--!

THAT BOAT, IT'S FIRING ON US!

THE MOTORBOAT DRAWS UP CLOSE TO THE RIDDLED SEAPLANE! THE DOOR OF THE PLANE IS WRENCHED OPEN, AND--!

THAT'S RIGHT- GET RID OF THE PILOT! BUT I CAN USE THE GREAT MR. GEORGE ALLEN, HEH!

WHAT IS TH-- OH! NAZIS!!

THE VILLAINOUS BLACK DEMON FORCES HIS HELPLESS CAPTIVE INTO THE WAITING SPEEDBOAT!

HEH! HEH! HEH! IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD TO STRUGGLE MR. ALLEN!

LATER THAT NIGHT, THOMAS CARTER, MAKER OF AIRPLANE PARTS, DISCUSSES SOME NEW DESIGNS WITH KENNETH BROWN, AN ENGINEER—

LOOK IT OVER, TOM—

BY THE WAY—OUR FRIEND JOHN DILLING IS HAVING A BIRTHDAY PARTY TONIGHT! COME ALONG, YOU'LL ENJOY YOURSELF!

THANKS, BUT I'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK TO DO TO-NIGHT

GOOD NIGHT THEN, SEE YOU IN A DAY OR TWO!

AS THOMAS CARTER, SO IMPORTANT TO THE WAR EFFORT, WORKS TIRELESSLY IN HIS QUIET OFFICE, MENACING FIGURES CREEP TOWARD THE GUARDS OUTSIDE THE DOOR!

THE DEMON LEADER CHUCKLES AS HIS MEN LEAP MURDEROUSLY ON THE GUARDS!

GUARDS—WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?

HEH! HEH! YOUR GUARDS ARE NOT HERE, CARTER! WE KILLED THEM! BUT WE WON'T KILL YOU—AT LEAST NOT YET, HEH! HEH!

YOU—YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS—!

WE ARE GETTING AWAY WITH YOU, CARTER AND REMEMBER—ONE SHOUT OR FALSE MOVE MEANS DEATH FOR YOU!

LATER AT THE HOME OF JOHN DILLING, BUILDER OF SPECIALIZED AIRPLANE ENGINES, HE AND SUBMARINER ENJOY THE PARTY--

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO JOHN-- HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU

GLAD YOU INVITED ME, JOHN! I HAVE A WEAKNESS FOR PARTIES!

I KNEW YOU'D LIKE THE HOUSE TOO, BECAUSE IT'S BUILT SO CLOSE TO THE WATER!

SUDDENLY KENNETH BROWN RUSHES UP TO NAMOR, AND DILLING--!

WEIRDEST NEWS-- ALLEN AND CARTER HAVE DISAPPEARED! SOME MEN WERE KILLED, A PILOT AND A FEW GUARDS--

CARTER, ALLEN, GOOD FRIENDS OF MINE THIS IS TERRIBLE!

HMM! ALLEN AND CARTER! TOP MEN--, THAT'S NO ACCIDENT!

WITH ALLEN AND CARTER MISSING THEIR WAR FACTORIES WILL BE COMPLETELY DISRUPTED! PRODUCTION WILL BE SEVERELY SLOWED UP!

YES.. EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKING!

THE POOR FELLOWS WISH WE COULD FIND OUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THEM! THEIR FAMILIES DIDN'T EVEN GET RANSOM NOTES!

TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT WEARS ME OUT! THINK I'LL GO HOME AND GET SOME SLEEP, SO I CAN FINISH THOSE BLUE PRINTS TOMORROW!

SUBMARINER, THOSE ARE KEY MEN-- VITALLY IMPORTANT TO THE WAR EFFORT IF YOU COULD HELP..

OF COURSE I'LL DO MY BEST TO CRACK THIS CASE! BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING IT WONT BE EASY!

AND ONLY A FEW MOMENTS LATER AS THE GUESTS TENSELY DISCUSS THE BAFFLING MYSTERY, SINISTER FIGURES LURK NEAR THE SEASIDE HOME!

HEH-HEH! AND NOW WE WILL GET RID OF SUB-MARINER-THE REST WILL BE EASY!

BULLETS SPATTER THE ROOM WITH PANIC AND DEATH! THE KILLERS ADVANCE STEADILY, FIRING AT THE INNOCENT GUESTS

DILLING-- GET BACK!

GREAT HEAVENS!

HEH-HEH! DEATH FOR ALL WHO STAND IN MY WAY! I WILL NOT TOLERATE ANY OBSTRUCTIONS IN MY SCHEME-- AND ESPECIALLY YOU, SUBMARINER!

AS THREE OF THE KILLERS TURN TO FIRE ON SUBMARINER, HE LEAPS---

THE BLACK DEMON OF DEATH COMMANDS! WE WILL KILL YOU-- OOOOFFF!

WELL? NOW'S YOUR CHANCE!

THOSE GUNS! THEY ARE GERMAN LUGERS--ILL BET--HMM!

WITH CRASHING BLOWS, SUB-MARINER FORCES THE THREE MEN BACK--AND BACK--

YOU KILLERS MAY SOON LEARN HOW IT FEELS TO DIE!

AS THEY GRAPPLE NEAR THE RAIL--

THIS IS ONE SALT WATER BATH THAT WON'T BE GOOD FOR YOU!

HELP!

UNDERWATER, SUBMARINER'S BLOWS ARE SURE AND FIERCE...

THIS MAKES YOU A HAS-BEEN!

AS THE TWO REMAINING MEN PULL OUT DEADLY DAGGERS, NAMOR PLUNGES LIKE A COMET TO THE SAND-BOTTOM!

WITH CRUSHING FORCE SUB-MARINER HURES THE BOULDERS AT HIS DEADLY ANTAGONISTS!

SUBMARINER SWIFTLY CARRIES THE DEAD BODY TO THE SURFACE AND SEARCHES HIS CLOTHING!

NOTHING HERE! PERHAPS SOMETHING ON THIS PIECE OF PAPER--

"Tonight Thomas Grant"

THOMAS GRANT--HEAD OF THE GRANT PARACHUTE FACTORY! THIS GANG OF KILLERS ARE AFTER HIM, TOO. THIS CALLS FOR ACTION!

I MUST PHONE BETTY DEAN, THE REPORTER! SHE MAY KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND GRANT! I MUST WARN HIM BEFORE ITS TOO LATE!

AS SUBMARINER ENTERS THE HOUSE OF GRIM TRAGEDY THREE PANIC-STRICKEN GUESTS OF THE ILL FATED PARTY RUSH TOWARD HIM!

OH! SUBMARINER, THEY--THEY TOOK DILLING! HE'S DISAPPEARED!

ALL THE OTHER GUESTS WERE KILLED--WE COULD NOT HELP DILUNG ALONE!

NOW DILLING GONE! I MUST MAKE A PHONE CALL AT ONCE!

SUBMARINER MOVES SWIFTLY TO THE TELEPHONE--!

BETTY? ABOUT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THESE KEY MEN--THOMAS GRANT IS ON THE LIST! ANY IDEA WHERE I CAN FIND HIM?

I'VE SEEN HIM SEVERAL TIMES AT THE PLAYBOAT! HE MIGHT BE THERE! I'M COVERING THIS CASE--MEET YOU THERE IN HALF AN HOUR!

HALF AN HOUR LATER, AT THE PLAYBOAT.

I HAVEN'T SEEN THOMAS GRANT YET!

I MUST FIND HIM BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

"PLAYBOAT"

THE POLICE ARE COMPLETELY BAFFLED! HAVE YOU ANY ANGLE ON THIS CASE, SUBMARINER?

YES! I'VE GOT A HUNCH. LOOK! THOMAS GRANT! KEN BROWN IS WITH HIM, AND THEY ARE COMING OVER!

GRANT, BROWN, WON'T YOU JOIN US?

SUBMARINER, WE'RE PRETTY WORRIED! THREE MEN WHOM WE KNOW WELL, ALL ABDUCTED, EVERYONE IN THE WAY HAS BEEN KILLED! SUPPOSE THEY SHOULD COME AFTER BROWN OR ME?

I'M SCARED I'VE ESCAPED TWICE, I MIGHT NOT BE SO LUCKY A THIRD TIME!

YOU SEE, BROWN AND I ARE THE ONLY TOP MEN IN THE AVIATION FIELD LEFT! WE FEEL DOOMED AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS!

PERHAPS I'LL ASK FOR POLICE PROTECTION!

MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA!

IN A FEW MOMENTS A WAITER APPROACHES ROBERT GRANT--

TELEPHONE FOR YOU, MR. GRANT!

EXCUSE ME, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

I'M NOT SO SURE HE'LL BE BACK! THIS MAY BE A TRICK!

I'M GOING TO KEEP AN EYE ON GRANT! WAIT HERE, BETTY!

I'LL BE O.K. I'M WEARING THE GOOD LUCK LOCK-ET YOU GAVE ME!

SUBMARINER CROUCHES IN THE SHADOW OF THE LIFE-BOATS, WATCHING.. READY TO SPRING INSTANTLY AT A SIGN OF DANGER! SUDDENLY--

HELLO? HELLO? THEY SAID THERE WAS A CALL --

JUST AS I THOUGHT! THAT BLACK DEMON OF DEATH-- NOW TRYING TO GET GRANT!

AS THE EVIL BAND RUSHES AT THE PHONE BOOTH, SUBMARINER WRENCHES LOOSE ONE OF THE HEAVY LIFEBOATS...

WITH MIGHTY STRENGTH, SUBMARINER HURLS THE LIFE-BOAT AT THE VILLAINOUS MEN

THE BLACK DEMON AND SOME OF HIS MEN DART AWAY FROM THE DEATH-DEALING MISSILE, AND--

YOU TWO GET GRANT! WE WILL TAKE CARE OF SUBMARINER FOR KEEPS!

WHILE FROM BEHIND--

HEH!

CRACK!

STUNNED BY THE FORCE OF THE BLOW, SUB-MARINER TOPPLES BACKWARD OVER THE RAIL--!

MEANWHILE, MORE OF THE COLD-BLOODED KILLERS APPROACH BETTY'S TABLE, AND--!

THE FIRST ONE OF YOU WHO MOVES GETS A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEART!

HELP! HELP!

NO ONE WILL HELP YOU MISS DEAN! IF SUBMARINER TRIES--YOU WILL BE THE BAIT TO LURE HIM TO HIS DEATH!

MEANWHILE, THE WATER QUICKLY REVIVES SUB-MARINER!

UH!--MY HEAD! THERE'S A ROARING IN MY EARS--OR, IS THAT THE SOUND OF A SPEEDBOAT?

SUBMARINER GLIDES SWIFTLY TO THE SURFACE

THE KILLERS ARE IN THAT BOAT ESCAPING WITH GRANT!

AS NAMOR PLUNGES TOWARD THE BOAT WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, THE MURDERERS WHIRL TO DEFEND THEMSELVES FROM HIS MIGHT!

IT'S--IT'S SUBMARINER! GET HIM!

WITH GIANT STRENGTH, SUBMARINER DRAGS THE STERN OF THE BOAT WITH HIM UNDERWATER!

HELP! WE'LL--WE'LL DROWN! I CAN'T SWIM!

COME ON IN, THE WATER'S FINE!

A POWERFUL FIST CRASHES INTO THE SUBMERGED BOAT!

WITH THE BOAT SMASHED THERE'LL BE NO ESCAPE FOR MY EVIL FRIENDS!

LEAVING THE TWO DROWNING MURDERERS, SUB-MARINER SWIMS RAPIDLY TOWARD THE PLAYBOAT!

DON'T WORRY, GRANT! A DOCTOR WILL FIX YOU UP, BACK ON THE PLAYBOAT!

I'M-- I'M ALL RIGHT, NAMOR! THANKS TO YOU!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THEY REACH THE DECK OF THE PLAYBOAT--!

I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO THE TABLE! BETTY WILL CALL A DOCTOR!

THANKS-- THOSE CRIMINALS, THEY WERE ROUGH!

BUT AS SUBMARINER REACHES THE TABLE, A NEW AND FRIGHTENING PROBLEM CONFRONTS HIM!

BETTY'S GONE! GRANT, I'VE GOT TO FIND HER! REST HERE AWHILE!

OF COURSE, NOTHING MUST STOP YOU FROM GETTING THAT GANG OF KILLERS!

A FEW FEET FROM THE TABLE, SUBMARINER SEES A SMALL GLITTERING OBJECT ON THE FLOOR!

IT'S BETTY'S LUCKY LOCKET! AN EDGE OF PAPER SHOWING, PERHAPS A NOTE!

I'm going to Rock Crest Island. Join Me Betty.

THAT'S NOT BETTY'S HANDWRITING! SHE'S BEEN ABDUCTED! THIS IS A TRAP TO CATCH ME UNPREPARED

I'LL ACCEPT THEIR CHALLENGE!

PLAYBOAT

ROCKY CREST IS AN UNINHABITED ISLAND ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY! THAT'S WHERE THEY MUST BE HOLDING BETTY. AND PERHAPS THEIR OTHER CAPTIVES -- ALLEN, CARTER AND DILLING! -- HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

THIS IS THE ISLAND! BUT THERE'S NO ONE IN SIGHT!

AS NAMOR SWIMS AROUND THE ISLAND SEARCHING FOR SOME CLUE, A SMALL PANEL IN THE ROCK SLIDES OPEN, AND--

HEH! HEH! THERE HE IS! NOW OPEN THE ROCK SLIDE!

SUDDENLY-- A WEIRD RUMBLE OF SOUND! THE SIDE OF THE ROCK CLIFF OPENS IN A GIANT SLIDING PANEL!

GREAT GARFISH! A CLEVER HIDE OUT! AND IN THAT DARKNESS THEY'RE WAITING FOR ME --!

HM!-- I'LL BE SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE LIGHT AS I GO IN -- A PERFECT TARGET! GOT TO BE CAREFUL --!

ALERT TO THE TRAP NAMOR SWIFTLY DIVES, AND LIKE A GREAT FISH LEAPS UP FROM THE WATER.

YOU WANTED ME, HERE I AM!

GLAD I CAME?

GO AHEAD AND SQUEAL PIGS!

WHAM

BET YOU GET A KICK OUT OF THIS!

THE "DEMON OF DEATH" DIVES TO ESCAPE HIS INEVITABLE DOOM!

NO YOU DON'T!

HE'LL--HE'LL GET ME TOO! NOW'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

UNDERWATER, A FIERCE BLOW OF SUB-MARINER'S FIST--! THE MASK IS SLIPPING OFF!

WHAT TH'

SUBMARINER TEARS OFF THE MASK...

KENNETH BROWN! AS I THOUGHT--YOU ARE REALLY KURT BACH, THE WORLD FAMOUS SABOTEUR....YOU GAINED THE CONFIDENCE OF OUR TOP MEN IN AVIATION...YOU WERE GOING TO PASS ON THEIR SECRETS TO HITLER!

MY--MY PLAN NEARLY WORKED--!

AND THEN, A MOMENT LATER--

OH! SUBMARINER, YOU WERE WONDERFUL! YOU CAME JUST IN TIME!

THAT SPY BROWN WAS TRY-ING TO TORTURE US FOR SECRETS!

HE'S OUR PRISONER NOW!

SUBMARINER'S IMPROVISED RAFT, HASTILY MADE FROM DRIFTWOOD ON THE ISL-AND, IS HEADED HOME.

BOY! WHAT A STORY!

IT'S ALL OVER NOW THANKS TO NAMOR!

IT'S A PLEASURE TO SOCK THE AXIS!

SUB-MARINER

A STRANGE FATE PLUNGES THE FEARLESS *SUBMARINER* INTO A MURDERER'S LAIR UNDER CUBAN SKIES---AS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS SOME GOOD SENDS HIM INTO A----

"RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH!!"

AS A NEW OCEAN LINER BEGINS A GALA VOYAGE TO SOUTH AMERICA...

I'LL BUY THE DRINKS!

HOW ABOUT A DIP IN THE SWIMMING POOL?

I'VE GOT NOTHING SPECIAL TO DO.... MIGHT AS WELL SWIM ALONGSIDE FOR A WHILE... MMM, THE CROWDS HAVING A GRAND TIME!

BUT HO! THERE'S ONE CHAP WHO DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ENJOYING HIMSELF! HE LOOKS WORRIED!

NOT MUCH USE! IF I COULD ONLY SNAP OUT OF IT.....WHERE'RE THOSE MATCHES?... OH... HERE!

AND THE WIND OF DESTINY TAKES OVER...

THAT PAPER! HE LOST IT! MAYBE IT'S IMPORTANT? I'LL GET IT!

NAVOR CLIMBS ABOARD, AND...

THERE HE GOES— INTO A STATEROOM!

NO WONDER HE'S WORRIED! PERHAPS I CAN HELP HIM!

Hal Jordine:— If you return to Cuba you will DIE!!

GOSH, ALL THOSE GONG-AWAY GIFTS FOR ME.... MY FRENDS HAVE BEEN SWELL, BUT...(SIGH)....MIGHT AS WELL START UNWRAPPING THE PACKAGES!

WONDER WHO SENT THIS CIGARETTE CASE?...NO CARD, NO NAME ON THE PACKAGE!

DON'T OPEN IT!!

THE STEEL-STRONG SEA PRINCE MAKES A LIGHTNING LEAP...

LET ME GO!!

SWISHHHH

A SCANT SECOND LATER....

I SAW A SPARK FLY FROM THAT CASE AS I CAME IN! IT WOULD HAVE EXPLODED IN YOUR HANDS... I FOUND A THREATENING NOTE YOU DROPPED..... SOMEONE WANTS TO KILL YOU, ALL RIGHT!

I THOUGHT IT WAS A GAG.... NOT THAT IT MATTERS IF I LIVE OR DIE!

WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?

I WAS IN THE AIR CORPS, AND BEFORE THE WAR I HAD BEEN A COMMERCIAL PILOT! FLYING'S BEEN MY WHOLE LIFE-UNTIL ONE NIGHT... THE SOUTH PACIFIC...I CRACKED UP..MY BUDDY WAS-WAS KILLED....

I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO TAKE UP A PLANE SINCE...AND I HAD PLANNED MY WHOLE FUTURE ON AVIATION! I WAS GOING TO ESTABLISH A COMMERCIAL AIRPORT WITH MY INHERITANCE-AND FLY MY OWN EXPERIMENTAL PLANES! BUT NOW.....

INHERITANCE? WHAT INHERITANCE?

MY STEP BROTHER, COUSIN AND I ARE HEIRS TO A BIG PLANTATION IN CUBA! IT IS QUITE A FORTUNE!

THAT'S WHERE I'M HEADED TO COLLECT MY SHARE!

IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE WANTS YOUR SHARE TOO! HOW DID YOU GET THAT CIGARETTE CASE?

IT CAME BY MESSENGER JUST BEFORE I WENT ABOARD!

MMM... IT COULD HAVE EASILY COME FROM CUBA... HAL, I'M GOING ALONG WITH YOU!

TWO DAYS LATER THE SHIP DOCKS AT HAVANA..

NO ONE'S TRIED TO KILL ME! BEING HERE DOES GIVE ME SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR.... I'M ENGAGED TO A GIRL...MARIA...SHE'S BEEN WAITING FOR ME HERE!

OF COURSE! YOU HAVE A LOT TO LIVE FOR!

WHILE NEARBY A PAIR OF SLY FIGURES WAIT, CONCEALED....

THAT'S THE ONE! GET READY TO SNATCH HIM!

AS SOON AS THE ACT BEGINS...AH, THE ARGUMENT'S STARTED!

THE PLANTATION'S FIVE MILES DOWN THE BAY!

CHEAT!!! YOU HAVE OVERCHARGED ME FOR THE FRUIT I WILL KILL YOU!"

HELP! SAVE ME!! HELP!

DON'T BE SO FRISKY WITH THAT KNIFE!

I WON'T KILL! I GO!!

MANY THANKS, SIGNOR!

I, TOO MUST GO!

A MOMENT LATER...

WHERE'S HAL?...HAL! NO ANSWER...NO SIGN OF HIM-AND THOSE OTHER TWO DISAPPEARED FAST ENOUGH...SO THAT WAS IT. A RUSE, TO DIVERT MY ATTENTION WHILE HAL WAS KIDNAPPED!

I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM...I'LL HEAD DOWN THE BAY FOR THE PLANTATION...IF I PRETEND THERE THAT I DON'T KNOW WHATS HAPPENED, I MAY FIND OUT WHAT IS HAPPENING!

IN A BRACOUS HOME ON THE PLANTATION....

HAL JORDANS INVITED ME HERE! HE SAID HE'D ARRIVE TODAY! I'M SUBMARINER!

HE HASN'T COME YET! I'M HIS COUSIN GEORGE AND THIS IS JOSE, HIS STEP-BROTHER, THE MUSICIAN OF THE FAMILY!

AND THIS IS MARIA, HAL'S FIANCEE!

WHERE IS HAL? HE SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW!

DON'T WORRY YOUR PRETTY HEAD!

WE SHALL WALK ON THE VERANDA WILL YOU JOIN US?

NO THANKS! I'LL JUST WAIT HERE!

IN THAT CASE, PLEASE EXCUSE ME! I'M THE BUSINESS MAN OF THE FAMILY AND HAVE SOME ACCOUNTS TO CHECK OVER!

I'M GLAD THEY'RE ALL BUSY! NO-ONE SAW ME GO UP! THIS WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SEARCH THEIR ROOMS!

THIS IS A MUSICIANS ROOM....MUST BE JOSE'S.....WHOS THAT?

STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE! EITHER ARE YOU! YOU'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER!

BUT!

CRASH!

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER! LETS GET OUT, ALONZO!

MANOR RECOVERS SWIFTLY—BUT....

THEY GOT AWAY! WONDER WHAT THEY WANTED HERE...I'LL JUST LOOK AROUND AND..

AND THE SEA PRINCE FINDS....

MMM... JOSE'S PERSONAL STATIONARY....THE SAME PAPER THAT THIS NOTE WAS WRITTEN ON! THOSE THUGS MUST HAVE A RENDEZ-VOUS WITH JOSE SCHEDULED.... I'M GOING AFTER HIM!

HASTENING DOWNSTAIRS...

WHERE'S JOSE? I MUST SPEAK TO HIM! HE'S NOT ON THE VERANDA!

HE'S LEFT WITH MARIA—SAID HE'S ESCORTING HER HOME! THEY'VE TAKEN THE PATH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HOUSE!

I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM! MARIA MIGHT BE IN DANGER, TOO....MMM NO PATH HERE! I MUST HAVE TAKEN THE WRONG TURN!

AS MAYOR RETRACES HIS STEPS...

IT'S GEORGE! STRANGE THAT HE'S RUSHING AWAY WITH A VIOLIN!

THE THUGS MUST HAVE BEEN AFTER THAT VOLIN CASE! IT WAS IN JOSE'S ROOM... MMM, NOW HE'S BOARDING A LAUNCH!

THE SWIFT SWIMMING MAYOR PURSUES THE SPEED LAUNCH...

IT'S DOCKING! I OUGHT TO KNOW SOON ENOUGH WHAT HE'S UP TO!

SOME PLACE...EVEN A HANGAR AND A PRIVATE AIRPORT.... WONDER WHO LIVES HERE?

INSIDE, GEORGE PLUNGES INTO CONFERENCE...

HERE'S THE VOLIN HAVAREZ.... GOT THE POISON NEEDLE READY?

YES, I WILL INSERT IT AT ONCE...ONE TOUCH AND JOSE DIES-AND YOU WILL PAY ME THE $ 5000 TO PURSUE MY INVENTION!

MURDERERS!

SHUT UP! HURRY, HAVARES...WE HAVENT MUCH TIME! BEGINS HIS DAILY PRACTICE! SOON!

...AND YOU'RE NOT STOPPING HIM!

CRASH

BECAUSE I'M STOPPING YOU!

SOCK!

SMASH!!

BUT THE NEXT MOMENT...

HA, WE MEET AGAIN - WATER SPRITE - AND THIS TIME...

THIS TIME FIST MEETS JAW!

I'LL SHOW HIM! ONE PULL OF THIS CORD AND THE BRONZE SASH WEIGHT WILL....

A SECOND LATER...

GOOD WORK HAVARES! OUR MEN WILL DEAL WITH HIM AND HAL... WE'LL HURRY BACK WITH THE VOLIN!... ALONZO LOUIS.....

CRASH

THE LEERING THUGS MOCK THE FALLEN PRINCE!

HA, HA...HE CAN'T EVEN MOVE A MUSCLE! SHOULD WE SHOOT HIM, STAB HIM OR HANG HIM?

MAYBE ALL THREE! FIRST, WE TIE HIM UP!

IF I CAN LIFT THIS WEIGHT ENOUGH TO ...I MUST TRY.... I MUST...

AND SUDDENLY, MIGHTY ARMS HEAVE A SURPOSE.

YOU LAUGHED LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE ME TIME, CHUMS! HA, HA, HA!

CRASH!

WITH LIGHTNING SPEED NAMOR FREES HAL - THEN...

THIS WILL HOLD HIM! WE MUST GET TO THE PLANTATION BEFORE JOSE PICKS UP THE VIOLIN!

GEORGE WANTED TO GET RID OF BOTH... TO COLLECT OUR SHARES!

THE PAIR RACE OUT...

THERES NO OTHER BOAT! YOU WAIT HERE! I'LL SWIM TO... OHHH...

SUBMARINER! WHATS THE MATTER?

OHH... THAT BLOW INJURED MY BACK... I CANT GO ON, BUT YOU MUST... I SAW A PLANE IN THE HANGAR... FLY IT BACK.. ITS A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH...

BUT.... YES, I'VE GOT TO!

SOON A SILVER BIRD STREAKS INTO THE SKY...

HE'S DONE IT! HELL BE ALL RIGHT NOW... PRETENDING I WAS INJURED WAS MY ONLY CHANCE TO GET HIM TO FLY AGAIN.. NOW TO WORK....

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER..

WE GOT IT BACK JUST IN TIME!

ONE TOUCH- AND THE END OF HIM!

AS THE MUSICIAN OPENS THE CASE...

DON'T TOUCH THAT!

OH! MY BEAUTIFUL VOLIN!

YOU!! I'LL FINISH YOU THIS TIME!

I'M SHOT... I...

BANG

SUDDENLY PANIC STRICKEN AT HIS CONSPIRATOR'S FATE, THE INVENTOR TURNS TO FLEE...

MY FIST HAS BEEN ITCHING FOR THIS!

I'M GETTING OUT... I... OOHHH....

GOOD BOY, HAL! I KNEW YOU HAD IT IN YOU!

WELL, THEY'RE ALL ROUNDED UP!

LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

AND GEORGE JORDENS WAS A VICTIM OF HIS OWN PLOT! ON BEHALF OF THE CUBAN POLICE, I THANK YOU SUBMARINER!

OUTSIDE...

WE SURE THANK YOU! MARIA AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED AND I'M GOING TO SET UP MY OWN AIRPORT NOW THAT I CAN HANDLE A PLANE AGAIN!

I AM ENTHUSED... BECAUSE I HAVE BOUGHT A NEW VOLIN 2,000 YEARS OLD!

THE END

JUNGLE BEAT

PUSHING his big body closer to the fringe of the woods, Jeff peered suspiciously across the clearing to the dim outline of the store-house in the darkness before him.

"Bugs and snakes and native gonephs," Jeff grumbled crossly. "At least this is a variation. Before there were only bugs and snakes. Now I've got something else to think about."

From the darkness of the woods had come the figure of a small native, who had skimmed across the clearing into the shadows surrounding the warehouse. He could be there for only one purpose. Jeff moved his cumbersome body forward a little, watching the shadows surrounding the building.

Quickly, Jeff's thick body tensed. He saw the small man as he darted across the open and disappeared into the woods.

Swiftly Jeff whirled. His foot caught and he plunged to his hands and knees, hit the ground with a crash that made it tremble.

"Bugs and snakes," Jeff growled testily. "And native gonephs. Now there's live ropes growing all over the place. Me, a self-respecting detective, coming thousands of miles to . . . this!"

Carefully Jeff retraced his steps through the thick woods to his shack, a frame affair tucked away under shade trees. Jeff liked that. He wanted to think.

This thing was gradually sneaking up on him. For a time he'd felt it was a push-over. He'd come down here from the States to guard government property and equipment.

• • • • •

BUT it hadn't been a push-over. There had been "accidents" since Jeff had come. A couple of tons of dynamite had inexplicably exploded and blown up a good deal of equipment, as well as scared blazes out of the natives. There had been a fire another time . . . no, it wasn't the push-over Jeff had at first expected. To make matters worse, he'd practically had a suspect in his hands, and then had ignominiously stumbled and spoiled the whole thing.

It was a funny set-up. Jeff had gone over it many times, had tried to figure it out from all sides. Comstock, the blond little foreman, had suggested Jeff do something before it was too late. Comstock said, "You've got a job to do, big boy, and if you don't stop this thing quick, we'll all be blown into the middle of next week."

Parker, the superintendent, gave Jeff a cold-eyed look and told him, "It's your job, not mine. Naturally, I take into consideration the unusual circumstances. That is, so far as help and territory are concerned. But fundamentally it can't be so far off the beaten track that you can't do something about it. You should be able to find a lead, something that will give you a start!"

Jeff hadn't liked Parker too well. His brand of guff was hard, cold. The kind of guy who wouldn't give you a second chance. He'd give you the needle first. Jeff shook his head, turned out the lamp and lay down. Try to get some sleep and in the morning he'd really get down to business.

Mr. Parker called Jeff aside the following day. He looked cold and gloomy. "Tools missing, Jeff. Someone must have broken in last night."

Jeff attempted a look of surprise. "I'll get right over. Anyone hurt?"

"No. But I have a feeling we're in for trouble."

Jeff walked over to the store-house. A couple of the natives were working inside, governed by big French, who was tool-room man and knew exactly what he had . . . or should have had. "One of my new axes," he protested. "Such things shouldn't happen."

• • • • •

JEFF stalked out, made a careful examination of the building and headed for the mess hall.

It was chow time when he got there. He stood just inside the door watching the dark-skinned workmen. Good workers. He couldn't understand a thing most of them said. Parker had told him to "familiarize himself" with the native tongue. "You've got to understand them," Parker had said.

Jeff's grey eyes went down the long table. He wondered how anyone could make sense out of the hodge-podge of chattering going back and forth.

Slowly the big detective sauntered into the kitchen for a cup of coffee. "Don't look now," he told little Mike, the chef. "But take a squint at the third guy from the end, nearest us. The one with the bandage around his left hand. What's his name?"

Mike reported back presently. "Willie." He looked big Jeff over with blue eyes, a half grin cocking one side of his mouth. "You get to know 'em, later."

"Yeah. Much later. Okay. Thanks for the java."

Evening came eventually and with darkness settling down over the ragged mountains, Jeff knew things were likely to pop. Carefully he examined his revolver, inserting new shells . . . just for luck. He was going to pay Willie a visit tonight, and wanted to be prepared. That bandaged hand hadn't looked quite right. Of course, it could have been the result of an accident on the job the day before. But a bandage, clean and new, the first thing in the morning . . .

Jeff slid the revolver back into the holster under his arm and stood up, reached for the lamp and turned the wick down—

The sharp crack of a gun split the silence. Something ploughed heavily down the side of Jeff Wentworth's head and he slumped forward to the floor. The lamp light died out slowly, leaving utter blackness.

• • • • • •

SLOWLY Jeff heaved himself to his knees. Gingerly he felt the side of his head, where the bullet had struck him. Fortunately he was still alive. And not too badly damaged. He couldn't have been out long. . . .

Resolutely Jeff stood up. Dizziness overtook him, passed again as he steadied himself against the table. Somebody's tried to get rid of him. Somebody who didn't want him around because . . . he was catching up with them?

Faster now Jeff stepped out into the dark, followed a trail down hill to the river. He knew his way pretty well, knew where Willie had his shack along the bank of the river. Jeff had been meticulous in his observations. He could find his way now without a light.

Reaching the river, he moved along its bank cautiously a few steps at a time. Presently he heard the sound of chopping up ahead. Someone building something.

The weeds and jungle ran right down to the river's edge, so that Jeff could see nothing without danger of falling into the water. He felt his way further through the dark, found a tree and carefully pulled himself into the lower branches. He could get out over the river and look down, see what was going on . . . what Willie was building.

• • • • • •

WILLIE was working methodically on a dugout, in the end of which, near him, crouched Comstock, holding a lantern. Sweat glistened on Willie's brown body. Dim light shone on the double-bladed axe. Probably the one he'd stolen from the warehouse and had later cut his hand upon. Grimly Jeff edged out. Comstock was in on this—

Jeff's foot snapped a branch and down in the dugout Willie dropped the axe and stared up. Comstock peered up, his face in the yellow light was crossed by anger, fear.

Next instant Willie's hand snapped a blow-gun to his lips, pointed it squarely at Jeff.

Jeff had seen these blow-guns in action before, knew what the little darts with their tips of poison could do. Jeff moved suddenly—

And instantly the limb snapped. Next instant Jeff went crashing down. It was a perfect landing, right on the end of the dugout, a small contraption and evidently quite light. As Jeff's big body struck the nose of it, the far end, where Willie and Comstock crouched, snapped into the air and their bodies went sprawling, crashing over into the woods. Comstock rolled down into the river. . . .

• • • • • •

JEFF tumbled into the water, floundered to his feet and scrambled up the bank, ripped the gun from his holster. Willie lay motionless. Comstock sat up groggily.

"You're the guy who tried to knock me off," Jeff told the blond foreman. "No wonder all the supplies have been disappearing!"

Comstock snarled, "What made you pick on Willie?"

"That nice new bandage he wore, first thing in the morning. He must have hurt himself during the night, working on this dugout, so you could pull a last job, then sneak down the river. Does the shoe fit? Sabotage—how about it?"

Comstock wiped mud and weeds out of his eyes. Jeff chuckled. "Snakes and bugs," he chanted softly. "Blow-guns and criminals! The smart guys are all alike—back home or here in the jungle. Sooner or later they've got to give themselves away!"

THE END

THE ANGEL

"MYSTERY OF HORROR HOUSE"

A DARK CLOAKED FIGURE THROWS IT'S SINISTER SHADOW OVER THE VAN HORN MANSON TERRORIZING IT'S OCCUPANTS AND LEAVING DEATH IN IT'S WAKE .... CAN THE ANGEL OUTWIT THIS DIABOLIC KILLER???

MRS. VAN HORN, RECLUSE AND ECCENTRIC WOMAN OF WEALTH, LIVED IN PEACE AMONG HER RELICS OF BYGONE DAYS...UNTIL...

THEY ARE DETERMINED TO SEE YOU...I'VE PUT THEM OFF FOR WEEKS, MRS VAN HORN... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL THEM ANYMORE!

VERY WELL, HULDAH!.. SEND THEM IN...I'LL SETTLE THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL!

THE UNWANTED VISITORS ENTER...

AHH... MRS. VAN HORN, ...AT LAST!

IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD, MR. ROLFE... I AM NOT SELLING THIS HOUSE!!

MRS. VAN HORN.... YOU'LL HAVE TO SELL SOONER OR LATER... IT'S YOUR ADVANTAGE TO DO BUSINESS WITH THE ACE REALTY COMPANY!

YEAH!

I WILL NEVER SELL... TO ANYONE!

YOU CAN LEAVE NOW....I BELIEVE MY AUNT HAS GIVEN YOU HER ANSWER!

WHY, DOUGLAS.... GLAD YOU'VE COME! BUT IF IT'S FOR MONEY...THE ANSWER IS NO TO YOU ALSO!

REMEMBER...THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE! IM WARNING YOU MRS VAN HORN!

MY AUNT WON'T SELL...

KEEP OUT OF DIS, MUG!

THIS WAY!

REMEMBER!

GET OUT! GET OUT!!

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED...

MY POOR CLEMENTINE! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?

SHE WAS STRANGLED!

OHHH...I DON'T LIKE IT! SO MANY QUEER THINGS HAPPENING...IM LEAVING!

THAT NIGHT...

OHH...!

YOU'VE SEEN TOO MUCH!

...AND THE LIFELESS FIGURE SPRAWLED ON THE THICK CARPETING OF THE ILL FATED HOUSEHOLD FITS INTO THE PATTERN OF HORROR....

THE NEXT DAY IN THE OFFICES OF THE DAILY REFLECTOR !!!!

IT'S ALL SET...THE VAN HORN ASSIGNMENT IS ALL YOURS SWEETHEART!

AILY REFLECTOR ★

HOUSEKEEPER FOUND MURDERED IN THE VAN HORN SANCTUM, LONG A CURIOSITY OF THIS CITY!!

KILLER STILL AT LARGE

YOU'RE A DARLING! I CAN'T WAIT TO TAKE A LOOKSEE AT THE INTERIOR OF THAT OLD MORGUE!

HELLO GRANT, YOU OLD SLAVE DRIVER! DON'T TELL ME YOU HAVEN'T MARRIED THE GIRL YET!

WHY! LOOK WHO'S HERE!

HELLO!

I CAME TO SEE ABOUT THAT MESS! WANT TO GO THROUGH YOUR FILES ON OLD COPY!

GINNY HAS BEEN ITCHING TO GET AN INTERVIEW WITH VAN HORN! SHE KNOWS IF YOU GO AFTER A CASE... IT WILL BE ALL OVER BEFORE HER STORY HITS PRINT!

OH, PLEASE! NOT UNTIL I'VE GOTTEN MY STORY!

I'M OFF..... SEE YOU IN ABOUT AN HOUR!

SO LONG, DARLING! WATCH YOURSELF!

BYE!

SHORTLY AFTER...

...AND I PERMITTED YOU TO COME...SO THAT ANYONE WHO HAS DESIGNS ON MY PROPERTY WILL KNOW ONCE AND FOR ALL, THAT THEY CANNOT FRIGHTEN ME INTO GIVING IT UP!

AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT....

GINNY'S WARNING COMES TOO LATE.....

LOOK OUT!

CRASH!

THE PANIC STROKEN GRL RUSHES FOR HELP...

OUH... WHAT'LL I DO? THERE'S NO PHONE HERE!

MEANWHILE....

IT'S NOT LIKE GINNY.... I'M WORRIED!

TAKE IT EASY PAL... I'LL LOOK INTO IT FOR YOU!

THE ANGEL ARRIVES TO FIND THE HOUSE SEEMINGLY DESERTED.

KIND OF QUIET HERE... IT GIVES ME A STRANGE FEELING!

WITH AGILITY OF A PANTHER, THE ANGEL CLIMBS TOWARDS A WINDOW .....

WHEW.... I SHOULD HAVE NEVER LET GINNY COME HERE!!

NRS. VAN HORN.... DEAD! I SHOULD HAVE COME HERE WITH... GINNY!

HE RUSHES UPSTAIRS..

THE SOONER I GET A LINE ON THIS THE SOONER I'LL BE ABLE TO LOCATE GINNY... IF IT ISN'T TOO LATE!

THE ANGEL STUMBLES ACROSS THE INERT BODY OF GINNY DAY....

THANK GOODNESS...SHES ALIVE...FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS SHE PUT UP QUITE A FIGHT...I DIDNT COME TO SOON!

GINNY IS HURRIED TO THE NEAREST HOSPITAL...

SHE HAS A GOOD CHANCE TO PULL THROUGH!

DOCTOR! PLEASE! DO EVERYTHING YOU CAN!

NOW I'VE GOT TO ATTEND TO SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS!

THE ANGEL VISITS A NIGHTCLUB OF ILL REPUTE...

I THOUGHT SO!

MR. ROLFE I BELIEVE... I WANT TO TALK TO YOU...STEP OUTSIDE!

YOU BETTER TELL ME WHERE YOUR PLAYMATE IS....SPEAK UP, MAN! YOU KNOW WHO I MEAN...THAT NONE TO SWEET SMELLING FLOWER!

I-I-HAVENT SSSEEN HIM ALL NIGHT!

MRS VAN HORN HAS BEEN MURDERED..... AND WE'LL SEE IF YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH SOON ENOUGH!

WHAT! WE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.... NOTHING!!!

AND THE ANGEL RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...KEEPING A SILENT VIGIL IN THE OLD HOUSE....

I THOUGHT SO..., THE KILLER HAS COME BACK TO DISPOSE THE BODY!

WELL-I'M WAITING FOR YOU...COME ON!

ANGEL!!

THE KILLER GETS AWAY....

THE ANGEL RUSHES AFTER THE MADDENED FIEND....

TOO LATE! HE'S IN THE ELEVATOR!

I'VE GOT TO HEAD HIM OFF!

THE ANGEL PLANS TO OUTWIT THE ADVERSARY...

BUT AS THE ANGEL NEARS THE ROOF OF THE ELEVATOR, IT SLOWLY STARTS TO RISE...

IT'S A GOOD THING IT'S AN OLD ELEVATOR ...OR I'D BE THROUGH!

THE ELEVATOR STOPS AND THE FIGURE EMERGES....

THE KILLER...DOUGLAS VAN HORN....

I THOUGHT SO! YOU PLANTED THAT FLOWER TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE FLOWER DID IT!

YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING!

I DID A LITTLE RESEARCH ON YOU... NEEDED MONEY DON'T YOU? AUNT WOULDN'T GIVE YOU A CENT...NOT UNTIL SHE WAS DEAD SO YOU FIXED THAT ...YOU THOUGHT!!!

HE'S ALL YOURS.... DON'T FORGET TO GET IN TOUCH WITH GINNY DAY SHE'LL MAKE A NICE "LIVELY" WITNESS!!

THANKS, ANGEL!

THE ANGEL HAS TRIUMPHED AGAIN...

THE ANGEL WAS RIGHT... WE'RE GOING TO GET MARRIED RIGHT AWAY!

DARLING!

The End

GET STRONG! HAVE MUSCLES OF STEEL

Now have those bulging strong man muscles. Get strong! Mould a powerful all-around body lined with steel-like muscles. Boast of sinewy arms like the village blacksmith . . . a crushing grip . . . a mighty chest . . . a powerful back that shows superman strength and legs that spell ENDURANCE. Yes . . . just 15 MINUTES A DAY with this PROGRESSIVE COMBINATION will quickly do the trick. Get this 6-way home gym NOW . . . start building tomorrow's muscles TODAY. Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. You must be STRONG to get ahead . . . get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

A Six-Way Progressive Muscle Building Set

This outfit is rightly named a 6-Way Progressive Muscle Building Set . . . Includes practically all the advantages of a gym and permits you to do your training and muscle building right at home in spare time. The beauty of it is that you add resistance as you increase your strength. In quick time, you will be handling the 5 super-power live rubber cables. The Bar-Bell hook-up permits you to do all kinds of Bar-Bell workouts, to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of legs, chest, arms and back so you build as you train. Then there are expertly prepared pictures and printed instructions to show you just what to do to get bursting strength fast. All of the following are included:

1. Bar-Bell Equipment for powerful muscles in every part of the body.
2. The 5 Cable Progressive Chest Builder for building a mighty chest and mighty arms.
3. Patented Foot Stirrups and Muscle Co-ordinator for complete body building.
4. Rowing machine for back and legs.
5. Grip of Steel for wrist and hand muscles.
6. Wall Pull for shoulders.

ALL MADE WITH U. S. GOVERNMENT RELEASED SURPLUS AIRPLANE CORD.

Adjustable to strength requirements. Also included is a complete illustrated course of instructions.

10 Days FREE Trial

Order the "WHITELY GYM" . . . use it for 10 days . . . see how it develops you . . . if not satisfied, return it and your $8.98 will be refunded.

Send No Money

Sign your name to coupon. Mail to us today. Pay in accordance with instructions in coupon. Act now because supply is limited.

MUSCLE POWER CO.
Dept. 2304
300 East 134th Street
New York 54, N. Y.

FREE

With your order, we include a pair of Patented Foot Stirrups . . . important for foot and leg development. Permits intensive overhead workouts to develop mighty torso . . . ALSO . . . while they last, a copy of "HOW TO FIGHT." Shows shortcuts to art of self-defense direct from champions.

MUSCLE POWER CO., Dept. 2304
300 East 134th Street, New York 54, N. Y.

Send the "WHITELY GYM" as soon as received my 2 free gifts.

☐ Enclosed find $1.00 deposit. I will pay postman balance of $7.98 plus postage.

☐ Enclosed find $8.98 in full payment.

It is understood if I am not satisfied I may return the "WHITELY GYM" and you will refund my $8.98.

(GENTLEMEN NOTE: Sorry, but shipments can only be made in U.S.A. unless C.O.D. or prepaid. Boxing will not permit shipments to F.P.O. or A.P.O. Canadian shipments accepted only with order in American funds).

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

READERS AMAZING GIFT OFFER!

Valuable 288-Page Encyclopedia Volume

Yours FOR ONLY **10¢**

And If You Decide You Want Them—19 More Books—Almost As a Gift!

Seldom has an opportunity like this ever been offered to Readers! Here is a chance to own a set of the Deluxe edition of the highly esteemed Standard American Encyclopedia—ALMOST AS A GIFT. All you have to do is send in your name and address on the Encyclopedia Gift Certificate below and we will send you your Gift Volume One. We mail you this important 288-page book for just the mailing and handling costs without charging you one penny of what the volume costs. And, in addition, after receiving your gift volume, you have the added privilege of obtaining the rest of this big 20-volume set PRACTICALLY AS A GIFT!

One of the World's Great Encyclopedias

Picture yourself as the possessor of one of the most remarkable of America's reference encyclopedias! Its comprehensive volumes are richly bound in maroon simulated leather lifetime binding, exquisitely embellished and gilded. These are truly pride-awakening books, which America's mentally awake families—particularly at this trifling price—are proud to own.

This encyclopedia is written in clear, easy, PRECISE and CONCISE English. Its arrangement puts ANY information you want, on any of its 50,000 subjects, at your very fingertips. Its 4,500,000 words on 5,776 pages are amplified by 4,500 specially made illustrations—pictures, photographs, diagrams—and 16 pages of up-to-the-minute maps in FULL COLOR. No average college education is remotely as rich in facts.

Top-notch experts have covered every field of knowledge so simply, and forcefully that a mere reading conveys exactly what is meant. This is especially valuable where children of school age will use these notable volumes as an aid in their studies.

No Home Is Complete Without This Superb DeLuxe Encyclopedia

No books ever published can be of greater value in the home circle. Their wide scope covers the needs of practically every trade and profession. Tradesmen, officials of every sort, politicians and public speakers will find this encyclopedia as necessary as students and those preparing for better jobs.

19 More Volumes—Practically As A Gift

Your gift volume will impress you so deeply, we are certain, that you will naturally want the other 19 volumes of the Standard American Encyclopedia—20 volumes in all. Therefore, we are reserving a set in your name and unless you wish to cancel this reservation after receiving and examining your gift volume, you will receive the remaining volumes one each week, as fast as they are printed and bound.

The value of these volumes is far higher than the incredibly low price you pay. Only mass production, in response to enormous demand, makes it possible for any family to own these extraordinary educational books—once the exclusive privilege of wealth.

YOUR GIFT BOOK IS HERE SHOWN

Beautifully bound in maroon simulated leather lifetime binding and gilded.

20 LARGE VOLUMES

4,500,000 WORDS

50,000 VITAL SUBJECTS

4500 ILLUSTRATIONS

5776 PAGES

DELUXE EDITION

WORLD MAP SECTION IN FULL COLOR

AUTHORITATIVE! COMPLETE! LATEST EDITION!

HOW EVERY READER GETS A GIFT BOOK!

Just fill in the Encyclopedia Gift Certificate at right, enclosing 10c in coin or stamps. This covers the cost of handling and mailing the book to you. The book itself is our gift to you to let you decide whether you want the rest of the set or not. Immediately, we reserve the other 19 volumes of the set in your name, giving you the privilege of obtaining these volumes as they are ready. You can cancel your reservation if you desire, after you receive and examine your gift book. But, if you do not cancel the reservation, you will receive the remainder of the set one book each week, paying the postman the GIFT PRICE—only $1.00 per volume, plus handling and mailing costs—and no more. Send in for your Gift Volume immediately and see why we call this offer one of the most sensational ever made to readers.

IMPORTANT—Due to the difficulty in getting materials we cannot guarantee to keep this sensational offer open for more than a limited time—so don't delay—send the Gift Certificate at once.

ENCYCLOPEDIA GIFT CERTIFICATE

Encyclopedia Educational Service
105 Court St., Brooklyn 2, N. Y.

Enclose 10c in coin or stamps to cover mailing and handling.

Please send me GIFT VOLUME ONE of the World Famous STANDARD AMERICAN ENCYCLOPEDIA (Deluxe Edition). Enclosed is 10c in coin or stamps to cover mailing and handling costs. Please reserve the balance of a set in my name. After I examine my Gift Volume One, I can cancel this reservation; otherwise send me the remainder of the set a volume a week and I will pay the postman C.O.D. the SENSATIONAL GIFT PRICE of only $1.00 per volume (plus mailing and handling charges). VOLUME ONE IS MINE TO KEEP IN ANY CASE.

Name _____

Street _____

City & State _____ 327

IMPORTANT: If under 21 years of age coupon must be filled in by parents or guardian.